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MERRILL READERS

FIRST READER

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THE MERRILL READERS

FIRST READER

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BY

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CLARA M. BURD AND R. F. BUNNER

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PREFACE

The chief difficulties in teaching a child to read are focused in the Primer and the First Reader. If the teaching in the first year is wisely done, the later work in reading should go forward smoothly and steadily. Every step in this fundamental work must be carefully planned and developed. The First Reader, therefore, should be a natural sequel to the Primer, with a broadening vocabulary that extends the child's power over words.

The First Reader in this series is an outgrowth of the Primer. The two books carry the child to a point where he can stand alone.

The authors recognize that children make varying degrees of progress and also that the first work in reading may be based on the Primers of other series. Consequently the early pages of this First Reader are very simple and the new words on these pages are taught first in rhymes. The vocabulary of the book consists of words familiar to children and common to many Primers. Words containing the phonic elements have been used extensively so that the child may learn to help himself in the recognition of new words.

The text throughout the book appeals to the almost universal liking for rhythm and for repetition in story and rhyme. Such repetition is the most interesting way of securing the word review that is necessary with beginners.

The Suggestions to Teachers that accompany the Series indicate a plan of presenting the text and of developing the work in phonics. There are, however, no hard and fast rules that must be followed to attain success. The individual teacher may select, as a result of her own experience, a variety of methods and devices which have proved successful in teaching reading. This book readily lends

itself to any such methods. The method and the class and the book may easily be made to work together in harmony.

In the preparation of this book, the authors have had the help of many experts in primary reading, whose suggestions and advice have been of great value. To all of these grateful acknowledgment is due, and in particular to Miss Elizabeth Hall, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, Minneapolis; Miss Alice L. Harris, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, Worcester, Massachusetts; Miss Ella Keith, Critic Teacher in the Model School of Hunter College, New York City; Miss Edith A. Winship, joint author of *The Merrill Speller;* Miss Clara M. Wheeler, teacher in the Horace Mann Elementary School, Teachers College, New York City; and Miss Elga M. Shearer, Assistant Supervisor of Practice in the State Normal School, Superior, Wisconsin.

F. B. DYER
M. J. BRADY

NOTE. — "Mother Goose" and other collections of old nursery rhymes are the source of the rhymes on pages 7, 19, 22, 25, 26, 29, 31, 45, 50, 72, 85, 103, 114, and 116.

The stories on pages 60, 65, 79, 97, and 106 are old English tales, and that on page 117 is a Scotch tale. Two of Æsop's fables are retold on pages 86 and 88.

A verse from Kate Greenaway is used on page 12, one from Robert Louis Stevenson on page 55, and verses from Christina G. Rossetti on pages 29, 38, 46, and 96.

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MOT
HUE
SCH
PRIMER
POEMS

FIRST READER

This is the way we go to school,
Go to school, go to school;
This is the way we go to school,
So early in the morning.

Let us all run out to play,
Run out to play, run out to play;
Let us all run out to play,
So early in the morning.

Boys and girls, come out to play,
Come out to play, come out to play;
Come with a shout and come with a call,
Come with a hoop and come with a ball,
So early in the morning.

Come, boys and girls.
Let us all run out to play.
Come with a hoop and come with a ball.
Let us play with the ball.
We will run and run and run.
We will shout and shout and shout.
Call all the boys and girls to play.

Come, boys and girls.
Let us all go to school.
Call all the boys and girls to school.
We will all run to school.

Come, boys and girls.
This is the way we go to school,
so early in the morning.

Strike away! Strike away!
Make the hoop run.
The faster it rolls,
The greater the fun.

KATE GREENAWAY

It is great fun to roll hoops.
Strike away! Strike away!
We make the hoop run.
The faster it rolls,
the greater the fun.

We run races with our hoops.
See how fast we can make
our hoops roll.
Strike away! Strike away!
Run faster and faster.
See how fast we can run.

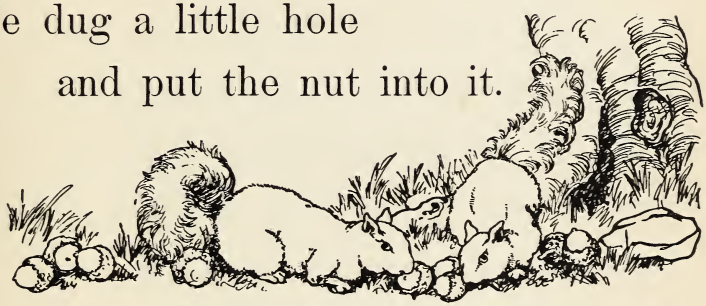
Let us all run races.
We will race to school.
It is great fun to run and shout.

It is great fun to skate.
We all have roller skates.
We go to school on our skates.
We race on our roller skates.
All the boys and girls race to school.
Away we go! Away we go!
The faster we go, the greater the fun.

We all skate to the park.
All the boys and girls skate
in the park.
We skate up and down the hill.
We go fast on our roller skates.
It is great fun.
The faster we go, the greater the fun.

We play with the squirrels in the park.
They are little gray squirrels.
We give them nuts to eat.
They run up to us and eat our nuts.
They run up and down the trees.
How fast the squirrels run!
They run races up and down the trees.
The boys and girls run races
in the park, too.

One day we fed two little gray squirrels
in the park.
One squirrel came running up to us.
I gave him a nut,
and he ran away with it.
The little gray squirrel dug a hole.
He dug a little hole
and put the nut into it.



The other little gray squirrel
came running up to us, too.
We gave him a nut.
This squirrel did not put the nut
into a hole.
He ate it.

Furry: I should like a nut to eat.

Fuzzy: That little boy may have one.
He gave me a nut one day.

Furry: Let us see if he will give us
a nut now.

Fuzzy: I am going to put mine away.
I shall dig a hole and
put the nut into the hole.

Furry: I shall eat mine now.
Why do you put yours away?

Fuzzy: I am going to eat it for supper.
I shall dig it out of the hole
and eat it for supper.

Hi, diddle, diddle!
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

I had a funny dream one night.
I dreamed that I had a party.
Shall I tell you who came to my party?

The cat came, and the little dog came.
Then the dish and the spoon came.
Our two little gray squirrels
came to the party, too.

The cat played the fiddle.
It was great sport.
We all laughed and shouted.

I danced with the spoon.
The dog tried to dance with the dish.
They tried to dance, but they fell down.
Then the dish ran away with the spoon.
Did you ever see such sport?

The cow came to my party, too.
Wasn't it funny for a cow to come
to a party?
The cow could not dance with us.
She jumped and jumped and jumped.
She tried to jump over the moon.

The man in the moon laughed at her.
The little dog laughed, too.
It was great sport.
Wasn't that a funny dream?

There was an old woman
who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children,
she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth
without any bread;
She whipped them all soundly
and put them to bed.

I had another funny dream one night.
I dreamed that I lived in a shoe.
There were ten children,
and we all lived in one big shoe.
Mother didn't know what to do with us.
She had so many children,
she didn't know what to do.

All day we ran up and down the shoe.
We jumped over the top of it.
We jumped out of the holes.
Wasn't that fun?
Did you ever see such sport?

We all danced around the big shoe.
Then we played ball.
Mother told us to be still.
She said, "I don't know what to do
with so many children."

Mother called us again and again.
She said, "Children, I don't know
what to do with you.
I must whip you all.
I'll whip you all soundly
and put you to bed.
I'll send you to bed
without any supper."

Then I woke up.
Wasn't that a funny dream?

This is what Mother says,
when she sends us to bed.
Good night,
Sleep tight,
Wake up bright,
In the morning light,
To do what's right,
With all your might.

A little boy was dreaming
Upon his nurse's lap,
That the pins fell out of all the stars,
And the stars fell into his cap.

So when his dream was over,
What did that little boy do?
Why, he went and looked inside his cap,
And found it was not true.

One night we went out to look
at the stars in the sky.
We saw many, many stars.
We could not see the moon.
Mother told us the names of some stars.
Did you know that stars have names?

We saw a star falling in the sky.
A falling star is called a shooting star.
It goes shooting across the sky.

After we had looked at the stars,
Mother said, "Good night.
Sleep tight and wake up bright."
So we all ran away to bed.

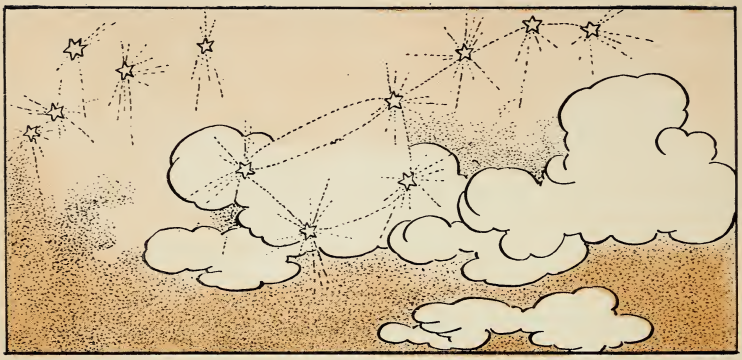
This is what I dreamed that night.
I saw the stars pinned up in the sky.
Then all the pins dropped out.
The stars came shooting across the sky.
They came shooting down to the ground.

I ran to catch the stars in my cap.
I tried to catch all the stars
and put them inside my cap.
"Hurrah!" I cried. "Now I have
some bright stars to play with."
Then I woke up and found it was all
a dream.

What do the stars do
  Up in the sky,
Higher than the wind can blow,
  Or the clouds can fly?

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

When we see the first bright star
  at night, we say,
Star light, star bright,
First star I see to-night,
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish to-night.



One night Mother said, "Come, children.
Look up at the sky.
You can see seven stars together.
We call them the Big Dipper.
Four stars make the bowl of the dipper.
Three stars make the handle.
Can you see the handle of the dipper?
Can you see the bowl?
The Big Dipper is always in the sky.
You can always find it in the sky
on a clear night."

One, two,
Buckle my shoe.

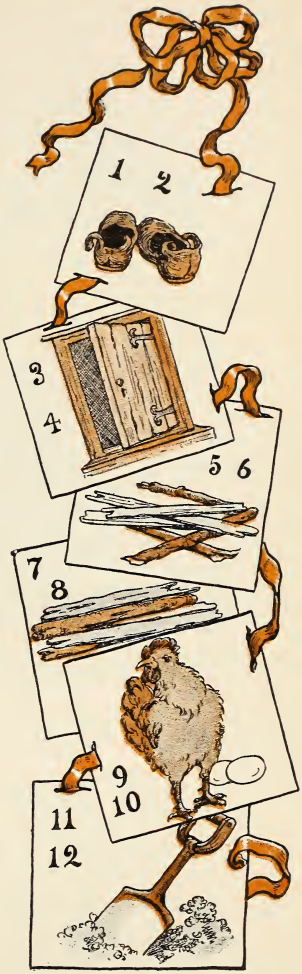
Three, four,
Shut the door.

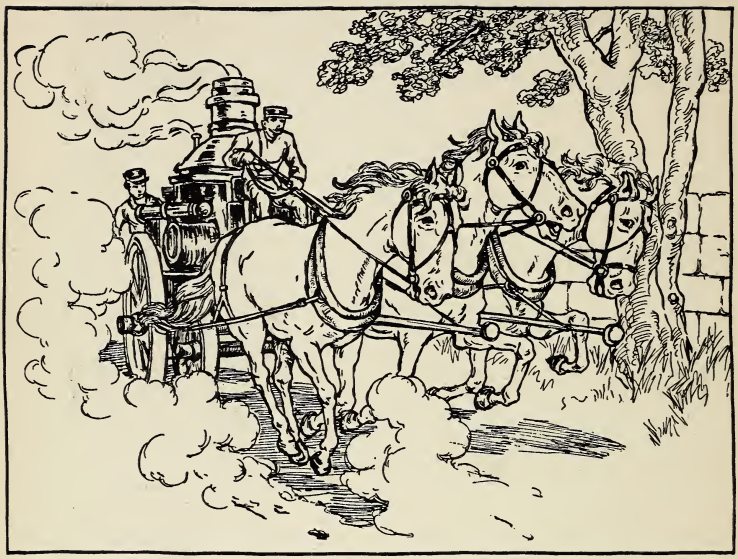
Five, six,
Pick up sticks.

Seven, eight,
Lay them straight.

Nine, ten,
A good fat hen.

Eleven, twelve,
Dig and delve.





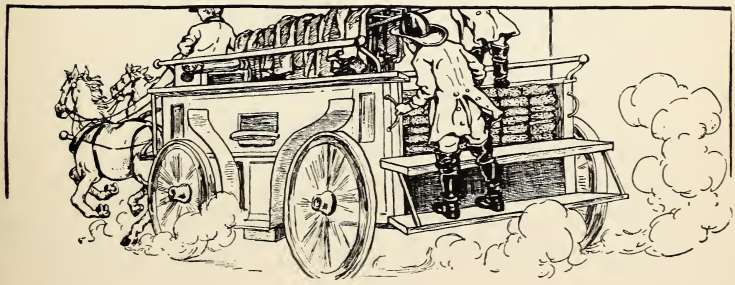
We always like to see the fire engine.
How fast the horses go!
They race to the fire.
The horses know they are going
to a fire.
They must go as fast as they can.
They must take the engine to the fire
as fast as they can.

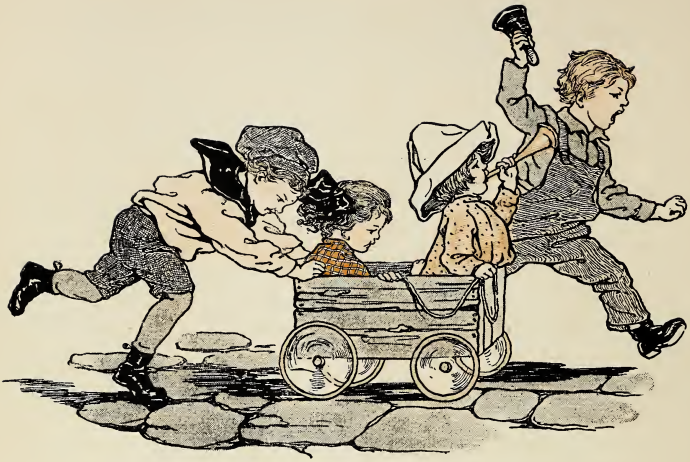
The bells ring and ring and ring.
They call,

"House afire! House afire!
Pour on water! Pour on water!"

The firemen all go to the fire.
They run fast to pour water on the fire.
They pour and pour and pour the water.

At last the fire is all out.
The firemen have put out the fire.
Then the fire engine goes home.
The horses do not have to go fast now.
The fire is all out.



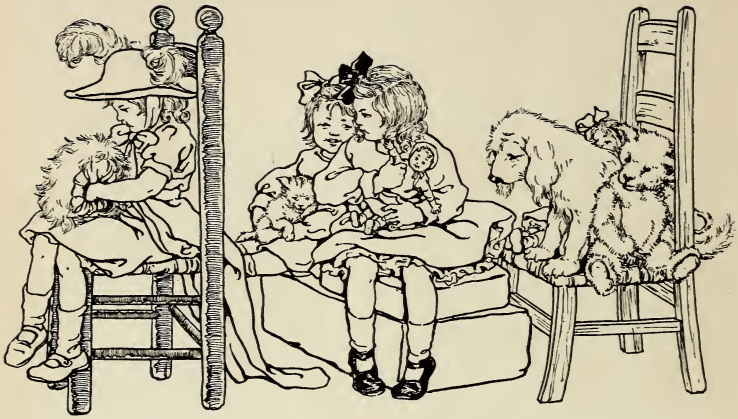


We all like to play fireman.
We play that we have a fire engine.
We race to the fire.
The faster we run, the greater the fun.

One boy rings the bell.
He cries, "Clear the way!"
Then we all cry, "Pour on water!
Pour on water!
Put out the fire! Put out the fire!"

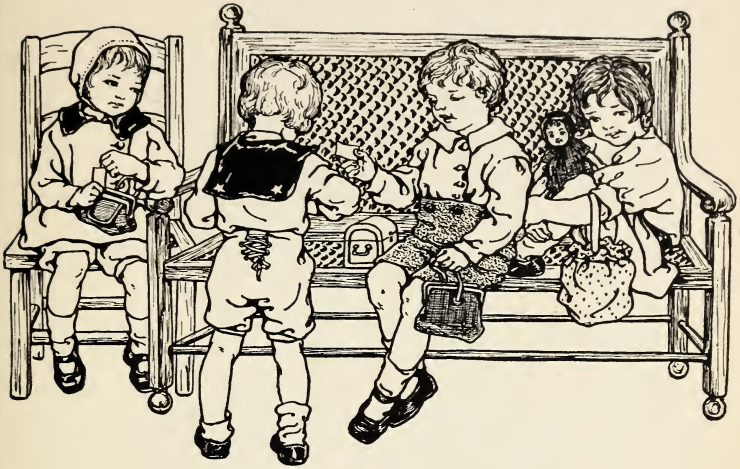
We like to play railroad, too.
Tom is the conductor on our railroad.
The conductor takes up the tickets.

One of the boys is the engineer.
He sits in the engine
and rings the bell.
Another boy is the fireman.
He sits in the engine, too.



We play that the chairs are our train.
The train goes at twelve o'clock.
First we buy our tickets for New York.
Then we get on the train.

"All aboard," cries the conductor.
"All aboard for the twelve o'clock train."
Then the bell sings, "Going, going, going. Gone!"



The conductor comes to get our tickets.
He says, "Tickets! Tickets!
Please have your tickets ready."

At last the conductor shouts,
"New York. Last stop. All out!"
Then we all jump off the train.
The engineer rings the bell again.
The bell sings, "All out. All out.
Good-by. Good-by."

Eight o'clock;
The postman's knock!
Five letters for Papa;
One for Lou,
And none for you,
And three for dear Mamma.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Early in the morning the postman comes.
He always comes bright and early
in the morning.
When the clock strikes eight,
we look for the postman.
We hear him coming.

Eight o'clock! Eight o'clock!
We hear the postman's knock.
He brings letters for Father and Mother.
I wish he would bring one for me, too.

The postman has so many, many letters!
He always has a big mail bag
full of letters.
All day the postman goes
from house to house
with his big mail bag.

This is the way we play postman.
Tom has a big mail bag.
He is the postman.
We ask Mother to write a letter.
So she writes a letter to Mary
and drops it into a box.
Then Tom comes with his mail bag
and takes the letter from the box.
He takes it to our post office.
The big chair is our post office.

The postman at the office finds out
where the letter must go.
He says, "This letter is for Mary.
We must send it to Mary."
Then Tom puts the letter into his bag
and goes to Mary's house.
Mary hears the postman's knock.
She runs to get the letter.
"A letter! A letter!" she cries.
"It is a letter for me!"

This is Mary's letter.

Dear Mary,

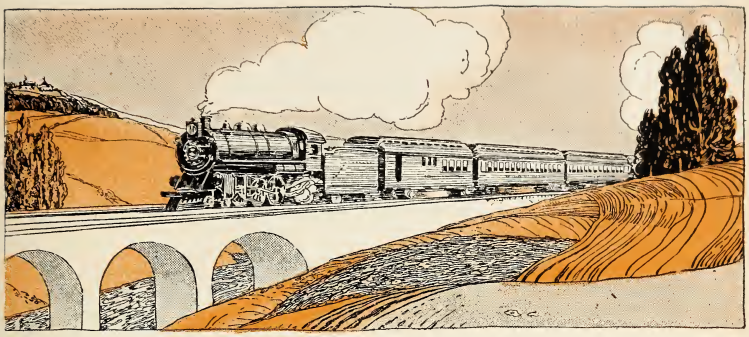
Would you like to have a party?

You may ask five children to come to your party.

What would you like to have to eat at your party?

Your loving

Mother.



SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT

Did you ever ride on a railroad train?
Play that you are going on a train.
Buy your ticket.
What does the conductor do?
What does the engineer do?
What do the bells on the train say?

Tell what the postman does.
Did you ever drop a letter
into the box?
Did you ever go to the post office?

This is the way Father plays with us.
Father thinks of a word.
We must find out what the word is.

Father: My word sounds like pail.
Tom: Is it what the postman brings?
Father: No, Tom. It is not mail.

Mary: Is it found on a ship?
Father: No, Mary. It is not sail.

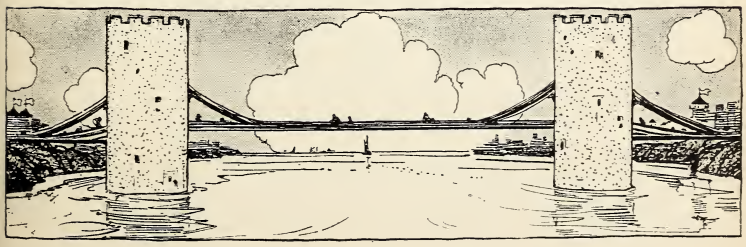
Tom: Is it what kitty plays with?
Father: No, Tom. It is not tail.

Mary: Is it on my finger?
Father: Yes, Mary. It is nail.
You have found the right word,
so you may think of a word now.

London bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down;
London bridge is falling down,
My fair lady.

Build it up with sticks and stones,
Sticks and stones, sticks and stones;
Build it up with sticks and stones,
My fair lady.

Build it up with iron and steel,
Iron and steel, iron and steel;
Build it up with iron and steel,
My fair lady.



Mix a pancake,
Stir a pancake,
Pop it in the pan;
Fry the pancake,
Toss the pancake,—
Catch it if you can.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Some day Mother will let me cook.
Then I shall cook pancakes.
I shall mix the flour and stir it.
I'll make the pancakes
and pop them into the pan.
I'll fry the pancakes
and toss the pancakes.
That is the way the cook does.
She tosses the pancakes and cries,
"Catch them if you can."

Tom and Mary and Kate like to play that they are cooks.

Mary: Let us make mud pies to-day.

Kate: All right. Here is some sand. That shall be our flour.

Tom: We will cook on this big stone. The hot sun shall be our fire.

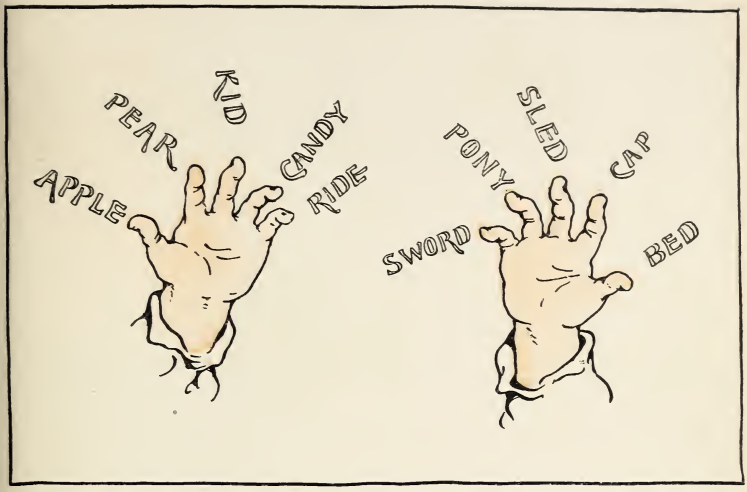
Mary: Will you bring some water, Tom?

Tom: Yes, I will get a dipper full of water.

Mary: Now we will mix the sand
and the water.
We must stir it and stir it.
Then our flour will be ready.
Kate: May I roll the crust?
Mary: Oh yes, Kate.
You must roll it and roll it,
and pat it and pat it.
Tom: The fire is hot.
It is all ready for the pies.
Kate: The crust is ready.
Mary: All right.
I will put the crust on the pies.
Now the pies are ready to bake.
Tom: Our hot fire will bake them fast.
Kate: Hot mud pies! Hot mud pies!
Ring the bell for dinner.
Hot mud pies!

This is the way we play with Baby.
We count his little fingers.
He has ten little fingers,
and we count them all.

One shall have an apple;
Two shall have a pear;
Three shall have a little kid,
of which he'll take good care.



Four shall have some candy;
Five shall have a ride;
Six shall have a little sword,
all buckled on his side.

Seven shall have a pony;
Eight shall have a sled;
Nine shall have a dreaming-cap;
And Ten shall go to bed.

One has an apple, and Two has a pear;
Three has a little kid,
of which he takes good care.
Four has candy, and Five takes a ride;
Six has a bright sword,
buckled on his side.
Seven has a pony, and Eight has a sled;
Nine and Ten are sleepy,
So they run away to bed.

When the clock strikes seven
at night, Mother calls to us,
"To bed, to bed, little sleepy heads."
When the clock strikes seven
in the morning, Father calls to us,
"Wake up! Wake up!
Little boy, little girl,
Wake up! Wake up!"

One day Tom's father said,
"Will you help me to-day, Tom?
Here are some seeds.
You may help me put the seeds
into the ground.
You may help me take care of them.
We must pull up all the weeds.
We must not let the weeds grow.
If the weeds grow big,
the little seeds can not grow."

Father: You may pull up the weeds to-day, Tom.

Tom: All right. But I wish I had some good friends to help me.

Father: Good friends! Why, you have ten.

Tom: Ten friends! Who are they?

Father: Count your fingers, Tom. Count them all.

Tom: Yes, Father. There are ten of them.

Father: They are your ten good friends. Try them and see what they can do for you.

Tom: Oh, I see. They will pull the weeds for me.

Father: Yes, Tom. A man's best friends are his ten fingers.

The rain is raining all around.
It falls on field and tree.
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE LITTLE RAINDROPS

There was once a farmer
who had a fine field of corn.
But his field was very dry.
Day after day there was no rain.
The corn could not grow without water.
Each day the farmer looked at his corn.
Then he looked up at the sky
to see if the rain was coming.

One day two little raindrops saw
the farmer in his corn field.
They were in a cloud up in the sky.
One little raindrop said,
"See that poor farmer in the field.
How dry his corn is!
He takes good care of his corn field,
but it needs to be watered.
I wish I could help him."

"Yes," said the other raindrop.
"But what can you do?
One raindrop is not good for much."

"Well," said the first, "I know
I can not do much.
But I will go down to the field.
I can cheer the farmer. So here I go."

Down dropped the little raindrop.
"Cheer up! Cheer up!" it called,
as it fell on the farmer's head.
"Dear me!" said the farmer.
"What is that? A raindrop?"

"Well," said the second raindrop,
"if you go, I will go, too."
And down dropped the second
raindrop, right on the corn.
"Cheer up! Cheer up!" it cried.

The other raindrops saw their friends
going to water the corn.
"I will go, too," said one raindrop.
"And I," said another.
"And I, and I, and I,"
said all the little raindrops.
So the corn had all the water
it could drink.
It grew and grew and grew — all
because the first little raindrop
tried to do what it could.

THE STORY OF CHICKEN-LITTLE

I

One fine morning Chicken-little
went out to the woods.
All at once something fell on her head.
"Dear me!" she cried.
"The sky is falling.
I must run and tell the king."
So Chicken-little ran along
and ran along till she met a hen.
"Where are you going, Chicken-little?"
asked the hen.

"Oh, Hen-pen, the sky is falling,"
cried Chicken-little.
"I saw it with my eyes.
I heard it with my ears.
And part of it fell on my poor head.
I am going to tell the king."
"I will go with you," said Hen-pen.

II

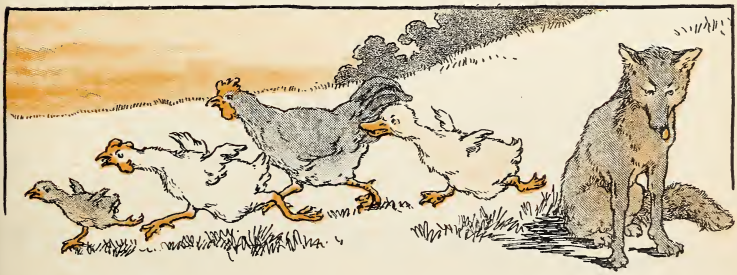
So they ran along and they ran along
till they met a cock.
"Where are you going?" asked the cock.
"Oh, Cock-lock, the sky is falling,"
cried Hen-pen.
"Chicken-little saw it with her eyes.
She heard it with her ears.
And part of it fell on her poor head.
We are going to tell the king."
"I will go with you," said Cock-lock.

III

So they ran along and they ran along
till they met a duck.
"Where are you going?"
asked the duck.
"Oh, Duck-luck, the sky is falling,"
they cried.
"Chicken-little saw it with her eyes.
She heard it with her ears.
And part of it fell on her poor head.
Come with us, and we'll tell the king."

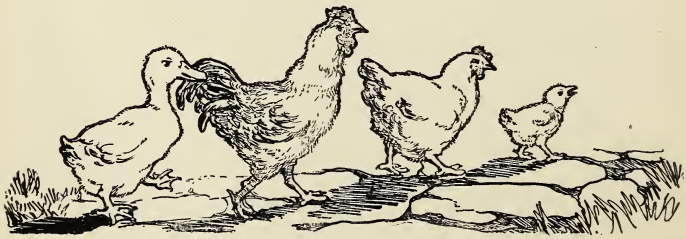
IV

So they ran along and they ran along
till they met a fox.
"Why are you running so fast?"
asked the fox.
"Oh, Fox-lox, the sky is falling,"
they cried.
"We are all going to tell the king."
"Come with me," said Fox-lox.
"This is the way to the king's house."
But they said, "Oh no, Fox-lox.
We know the way.
We do not want to go with you."



V

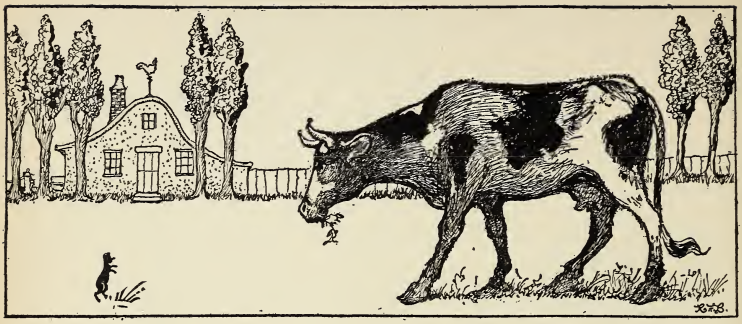
So Chicken-little and Hen-pen
and Cock-lock and Duck-luck
ran on and on till they came
to the king's house.
"Oh, King," they cried.
"The sky is falling.
Chicken-little saw it with her eyes.
She heard it with her ears.
And part of it fell on her poor head.
So we came to tell you about it."
"Thank you, thank you," said the king.
"Here is a bag of gold for each of you."



THE MOUSE THAT LOST HER TAIL

I

One day a cat and a mouse
were playing together.
The cat bit off the tail of the mouse.
"Cat, cat, please give me my tail,"
said the mouse.
"No," said the cat.
"I will not give you your tail,
till you go to the cow
and bring me some milk."



First she leaped,
And then she ran,
Till she came to the cow,
And thus began:

"Pray, cow, give me some milk,
That I may give the cat milk,
That the cat may give me
my own tail again."
"No," said the cow.
"I will give you no milk,
till you go to the farmer
and bring me some hay."

II

First she leaped,
And then she ran,
Till she came to the farmer,
And thus began:

"Pray, farmer, give me some hay,
That I may give the cow hay,
That the cow may give me milk,
That I may give the cat milk,
That the cat may give me
my own tail again."

"No," said the farmer.
"I will give you no hay,
till you go to the butcher
and bring me some meat."

III

First she leaped,
And then she ran,
Till she came to the butcher,
And thus began:

"Pray, butcher, give me some meat,
That I may give the farmer meat,
That the farmer may give me hay,
That I may give the cow hay,

That the cow may give me milk,
That I may give the cat milk,
That the cat may give me
my own tail again."

"No," said the butcher.
"I will give you no meat,
till you go to the baker
and bring me some bread."

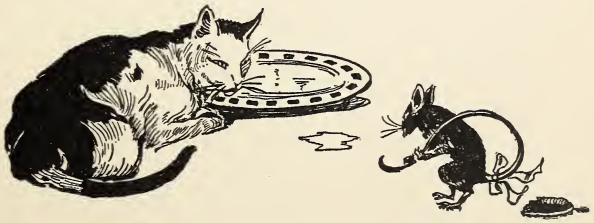
IV

First she leaped,
And then she ran,
Till she came to the baker,
And thus began:
"Pray, baker, give me some bread,
That I may give the butcher bread,
That the butcher may give me meat,
That I may give the farmer meat,

That the farmer may give me hay,
That I may give the cow hay,
That the cow may give me milk,
That I may give the cat milk,
That the cat may give me
my own tail again."
"Yes," said the baker.
"I'll give you some bread.
But if you eat my meal,
I'll cut off your head."

V

Then the baker gave the mouse
some bread,
And the mouse gave bread to the butcher.
Then the butcher gave the mouse
some meat,
And the mouse gave meat to the farmer.
Then the farmer gave the mouse
some hay,
And the mouse gave hay to the cow.
Then the cow gave the mouse some milk,
And the mouse gave milk to the cat.
And then the cat gave the mouse
her tail again.



This is the mother, good and dear;
This is the father, with hearty cheer;
This is the brother, stout and tall;
This is the sister that plays
with her doll;
This is the little one, pet of all;
Behold the good family, great and small.

SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT

Count your fingers.
Tell a finger story.
Which finger is the father,
full of hearty cheer?
Which is the brother, stout and tall?
Which is the sister that has a doll?

Have you a brother and a sister?
How many are there in your family?

Tell what the farmer does.
Have you ever been on a farm?
Which do you like better,
a park or a farm?

What does the butcher do?
What does the baker do?

TEN LITTLE MONKEYS

Once upon a time a man went
to town to sell some red caps.
He had a bag full of red caps.
On the way to town,
he lay down under a tree
and fell fast asleep.

By and by he woke up.
He picked up his bag, but not a cap
was left in it — not one!
The poor man looked around,
but he could not see any one.

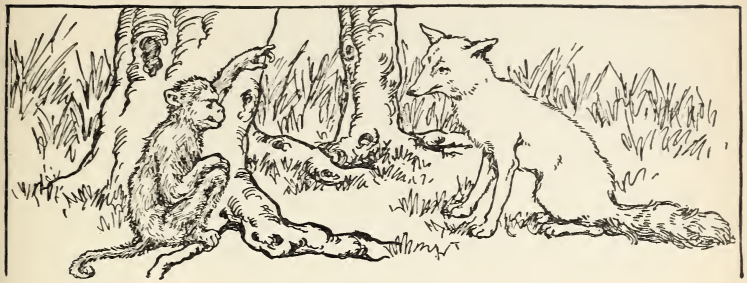
Then he looked up into the tree —
and what do you think he saw?
Ten red caps in a row!
Ten little monkeys sat in a row, and
each monkey had a cap on his head.

"Come down here!" cried the man.
"Give me back my caps."
But the monkeys just went on playing.

The poor man pulled off his cap
and threw it down on the ground.
"What shall I do?" he cried.
"What shall I do?"

Then all at once ten red caps
fell from the tree.
The man jumped to catch them.
He put them into his bag
just as fast as he could.

The monkeys did just what the man did.
They put the caps on, because the man
had a cap on his head.
They took the caps off
when he took off his cap.
When he threw his cap down,
the monkeys did just what he did.
So the man went on his way to town
with all his red caps in his bag.



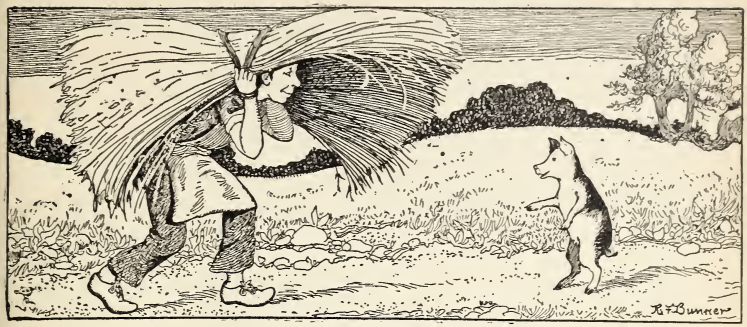
THE FOX AND THE MONKEY

One day a sly fox saw some plums
high up in a tree.
He could not reach the plums,
because he could not climb the tree.
"I will find my friend, the monkey,"
said the sly fox.
"I will get him to climb the tree.
He can reach the plums."

When he found the monkey, he said,
"Would you like some plums to eat?
Come with me, and we will get some."

So the fox and the monkey
ran together to the plum tree.
The monkey climbed the tree
and threw down the plums.
The sly fox ate them all
just as fast as he could.

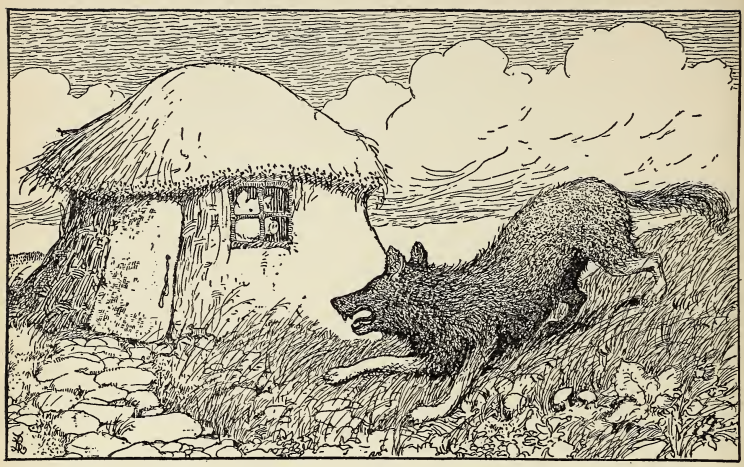
When the monkey jumped down,
the plums were all gone.
"You should have given me some,"
said the monkey.
"I climbed the tree for you."
"Oh well," said the sly fox,
"you may have the seeds."
"Very well," said the monkey.
"I will plant the seeds,
and some day I shall have
a plum tree of my own."



THE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

I

Once upon a time there were
three little pigs.
One day the first little pig
went out to walk.
He met a man with a bundle of straw.
He said, "Please, man,
give me some straw,
so that I can build a house."
The man gave him the straw,
and he built a house with it.



Then one day a wolf came along
and knocked at the door.
He said, "Little pig, little pig,
Let me come in."

But the little pig knew the wolf.
So he said, "No, no!
By the hair of my chinny, chin, chin,
I'll not let you in."

"What!" said the wolf.
"Then I'll huff and I'll puff,
and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed and he puffed,
and he blew the house in,
and ate up the first little pig.

II

The second little pig went out
to walk, too.
He met a man with a bundle of sticks.

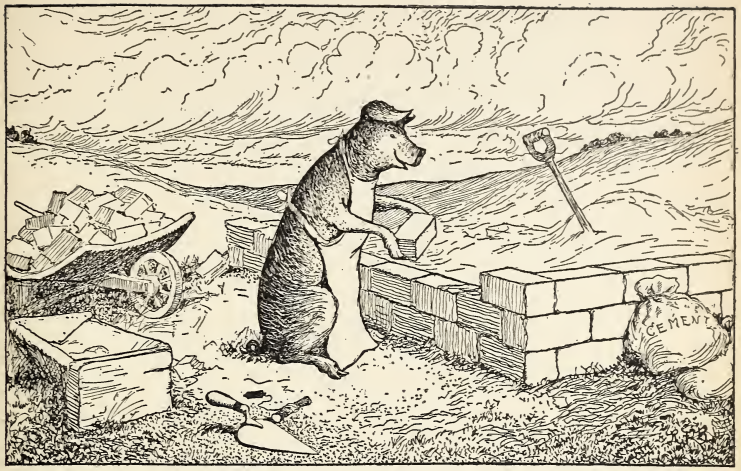
"Please, man, give me some sticks,
so that I can build a house,"
said he.
The man gave him the sticks,
and he built a house with them.

Then along came the wolf and knocked
at the door.
The wolf said, "Little pig, little pig,
Let me come in."

But the little pig knew the wolf.
So he said, "No, no!
By the hair of my chinny, chin, chin,
I'll not let you in."

"What!" said the wolf.
"Then I'll huff and I'll puff,
and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed and he puffed,
and he huffed and he puffed,
and he blew the house in,
and ate up the second little pig.

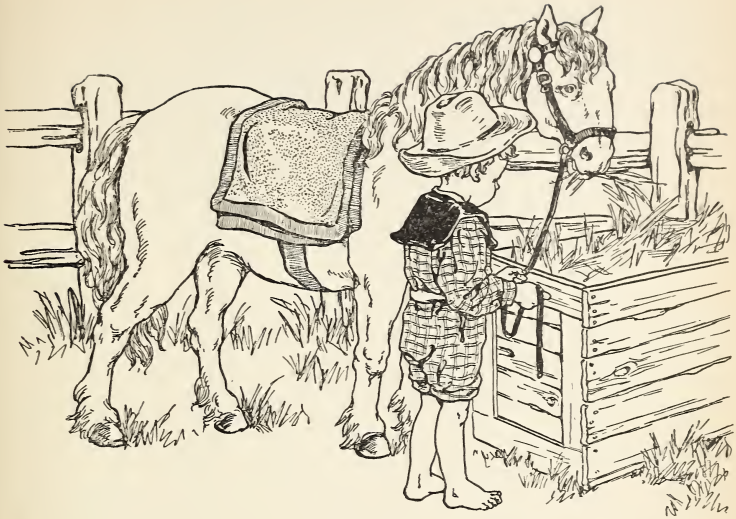


III

One day the third little pig
went out to walk.
He met a man with some bricks.
"Please, man, give me some bricks,
so that I can build a house,"
said he.
The man gave him the bricks,
and he built a house with them.

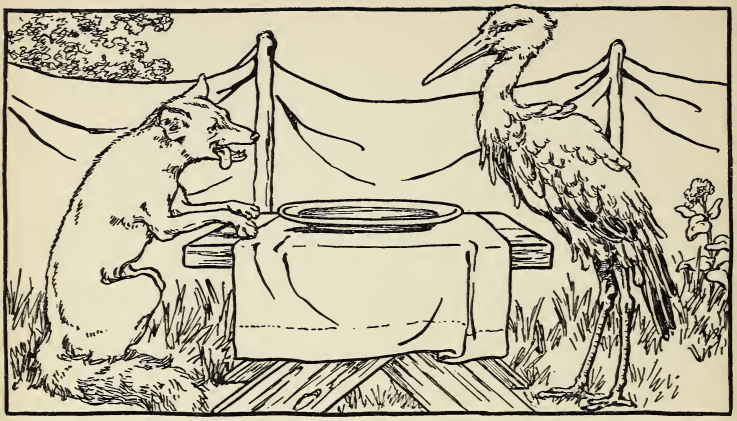
Then along came the wolf and knocked
at the door.
The wolf said, "Little pig, little pig,
Let me come in."
But the little pig knew the wolf.
So he said, "No, no!
By the hair of my chinny, chin, chin,
I'll not let you in."

"What!" said the wolf.
"Then I'll huff and I'll puff,
and I'll blow your house in."
Well, the wolf huffed and he puffed,
and he huffed and he puffed,
and he puffed and he huffed,
but he could not blow the house in.
So the old wolf did not eat up
the third little pig after all.



I had a little pony,
His name was Dapple Gray;
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.

She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now,
For all the lady's hire.



THE FOX AND THE CRANE

One morning a sly fox met a crane.
"Come home to dinner with me to-day,"
said the fox.
"I have something good to eat."
"I shall be very glad to come,"
said the crane.

So the crane went home with the fox.
Now the sly fox had soup for dinner,
and the soup was in a flat dish.

The crane was a very tall bird.
He had a long neck and a long bill,
so he could not drink
from a flat dish.

He tried to eat some soup, but he
could not get it into his bill.
He tried and tried, but he could not
get any soup.
He could not get even a taste of it.

The sly fox ate all the soup,
and the crane had nothing.
"Your soup smells good,"
said the crane.
The sly fox laughed and laughed.
"I am glad you like it," he said.
Then the crane flew away home.

One day the crane met the sly fox in the fields.

"When are you coming to see me?" asked the crane.

"Will you come to supper to-night?"

"I shall be glad to come," said the fox.

So the sly fox went to see the crane.

The crane had soup for supper.

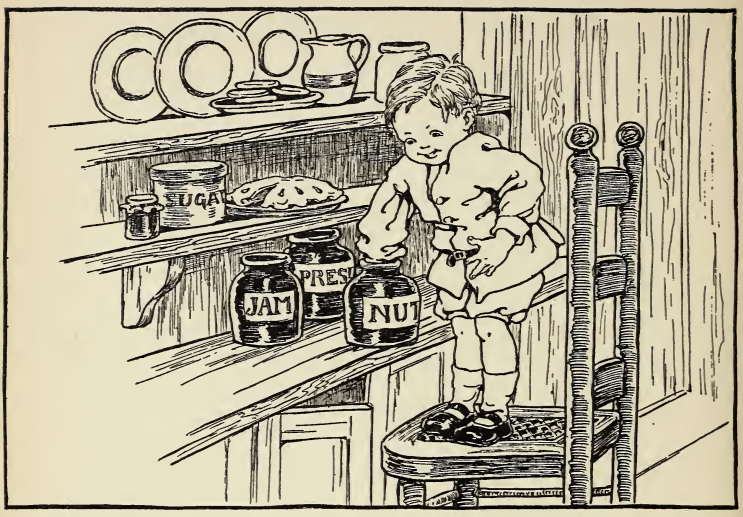
It was in a tall pitcher.

"I know you like soup," said the crane.

The fox tried to eat the soup,
but he could not reach it.
He could not reach down the long neck
of the pitcher.

Then the crane put his long bill
into the pitcher.
He ate all the soup he wanted.
But the fox could not get even a taste
of the soup.
He had nothing at all to eat.

"Don't you like this supper?"
asked the crane.
"I can not get any of it," said the fox.
"Well, now you see how much I liked
your dinner," said the crane.



THE GREEDY BOY

There was once a boy who was always looking for something to eat.
One day he found some nuts in a jar.
It was a tall jar with a small neck.
The boy put his hand into the jar and took some nuts.
He took all the nuts he could hold in his hand.

Then the boy tried to pull his hand out of the jar.

He tried and tried, but he could not get his hand through the small neck of the jar.

So he began to cry.

"Why do you cry?" asked his father.

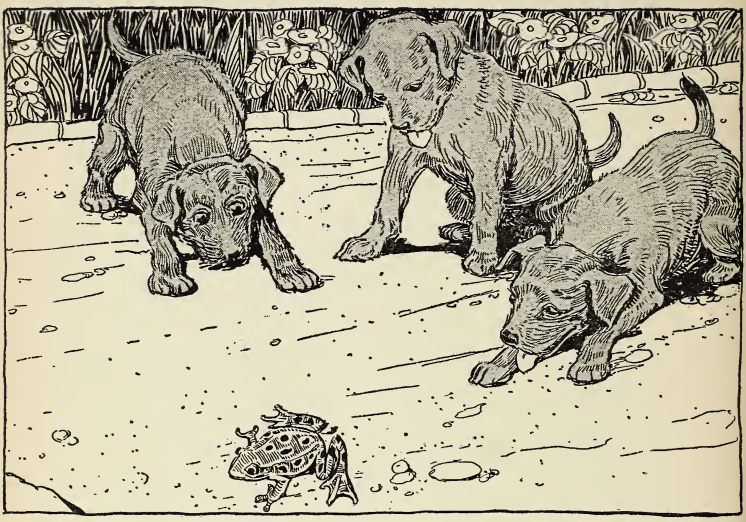
"My hand is caught. I can not get it out," said the boy.

"Your hand went into the jar all right, didn't it?" asked his father.

"Oh yes," said the boy.

"Do not try to take so many nuts at one time," said his father.

"You can't get your hand out now, because you are trying to take too many nuts."



THE PUPPIES AND THE FROG

One day three fat little puppies were playing together.

All at once they saw a little frog hopping along over the ground.

The puppies did not know what to think of him.

They had never seen a frog.

The first puppy said, "Well, well!
Who are you?
I never saw a puppy walk as you do."

The second puppy said, "Well, well!
You have no hair.
Oh, here is a puppy without any hair."

"Where is your tail?" asked the third
little puppy.
"I never saw a puppy without a tail."

"You never saw a frog with a tail,"
said their mother.
"You never saw a frog with hair.
Don't you know a puppy from a frog?
Did you think there were only puppies
in this world?"

THE FROG AND THE TOAD

One day a little frog said, "Mother, I have just seen such a funny frog. I asked him to come and have a swim, but he said he did not know how to swim."

"What kind of coat did he have?" asked the old frog.
"Was it pretty and bright like yours?"

"Oh no," said the little frog.
"It was not pretty at all.
And his mouth — oh, it was so big!
You should see him catch a fly."

"Yes," said his mother.
"He had a big mouth,
and he had no teeth in it."

"Dear me!" said the little frog.
"I have a fine row of teeth at the top
of my mouth."

"It was a toad that you saw,
not a frog," said his mother.
"Don't you know a frog from a toad?
Did you think there were only frogs
in this world?"

THE COLORS

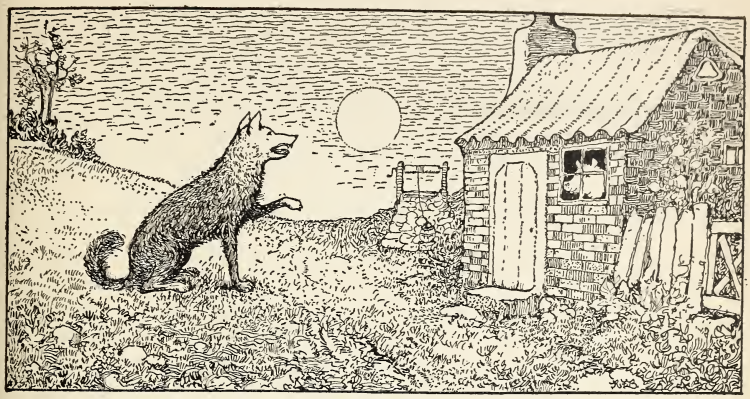
What is blue? The sky is blue
Where the clouds float through.

What is white? A swan is white,
Sailing in the light.

What is green? The grass is green,
With small flowers between.

What is orange? Why, an orange.
Just an orange!

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI



THE LITTLE PIG AND THE WOLF

I

There was once a little pig who built a house of bricks.

The old wolf knocked at the door, but he could not get in.

Then he huffed and puffed, but he could not blow the house in.

The next day the old wolf came again.

He said, "Little pig, I know where there is a fine field of turnips."

"Where?" asked the little pig.

"In Farmer Brown's field," said the wolf.

"I will call for you at six o'clock to-morrow morning.

Then we will go together and get some turnips."

"Very well. I will be ready," said the little pig.

At five o'clock the next morning the little pig ran to Farmer Brown's field.

He got all the turnips he wanted.

Then he ran home as fast as he could.

At six o'clock the wolf knocked at
the door.
"Are you ready?" he called.
The little pig laughed and said,
"Oh, I have been to the field.
I have a big pot full of turnips."

II

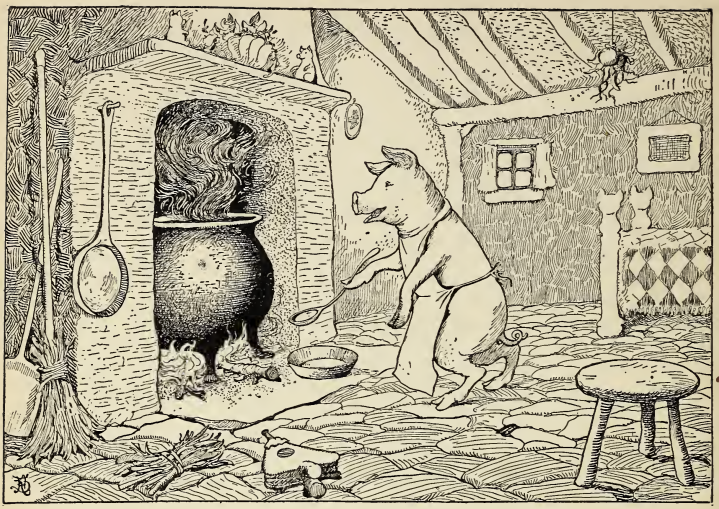
The old wolf was very angry.
But he said, "Little pig, I know where
there is a fine apple tree."
"Where?" asked the little pig.
"Down near the town," said the wolf.
"I will call for you at five o'clock
to-morrow morning.
Then we will go together and get
some apples."
"I will be ready," said the little pig.

At four o'clock the next morning
the little pig ran to town.
He had to run a long way.
Then he had to climb the tree
to get the apples.
Just as he was ready to jump down,
he saw the wolf coming.
The old wolf cried, "Little pig,
are the apples good?"

"Yes, very good," said the little pig.
"Here is a big one for you.
I will throw it down to you."
So the little pig threw the apple
just as far as he could.
The old wolf went to pick it up.
Then the little pig jumped down
and ran home.
He ran so fast that the wolf could
not catch him.

III

The old wolf was very, very angry.
"I must catch that little pig
and eat him," said he.
"I will climb up on his little house
and go down the chimney.
Then I can catch him and eat him."



The next morning the old wolf
climbed up on the little house
and jumped down the chimney.
Now the little pig had a big pot
full of hot water on the fire.
When the wolf came down the chimney,
he fell right into that hot water.
So he never ate that little pig
after all.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
  To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
  And so the poor dog had none.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe;
But when she came back,
  He was smoking a pipe.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat;
But when she came back,
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig;
But when she came back,
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat;
But when she came back,
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes;
But when she came back,
He was reading the news.

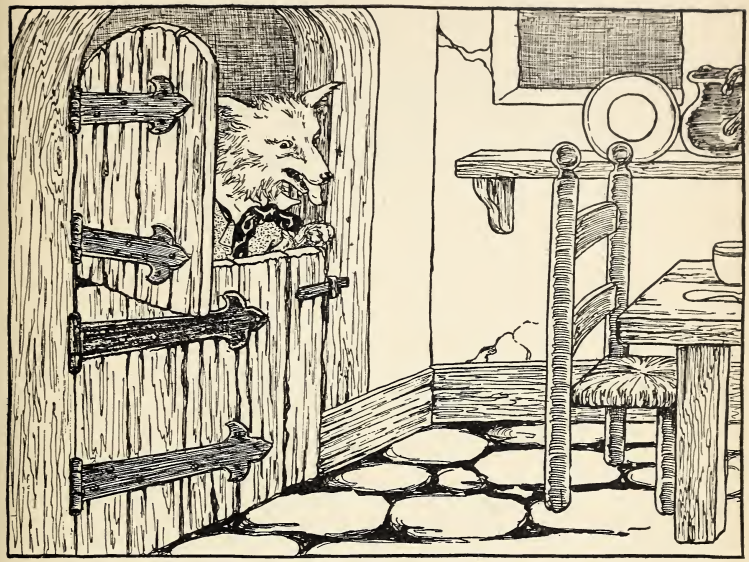
This wonderful dog
Was Dame Hubbard's delight;
He could sing, he could dance,
He could read, he could write.

THE STORY OF SCRAPEFOOT

I

Once upon a time there was a family
of bears.
They lived in a house in the woods.
There was a great big bear
and a middle-sized bear
and a little wee bear.
A fox lived in the woods, too.
His name was Scrapefoot.

One day Scrapefoot found the bear's
house in the woods.
He looked all around, but he could not
see any one.
So he walked very softly till he came
to the door of the house.



He opened the door a little way very softly and put his head in.

Then he opened the door a little more and put one paw in.

Then he put another paw in, and then another, and another.

And there he was, all inside the bear's house!

II

Scrapefoot saw three chairs.
First he climbed into the big chair,
but it was too hard for him.
So he jumped down and tried
the middle-sized chair,
but it was too soft for him.
At last he tried the little chair,
and he liked it very much.
But, dear me! The little chair broke
down, and Scrapefoot could not
put it together again.

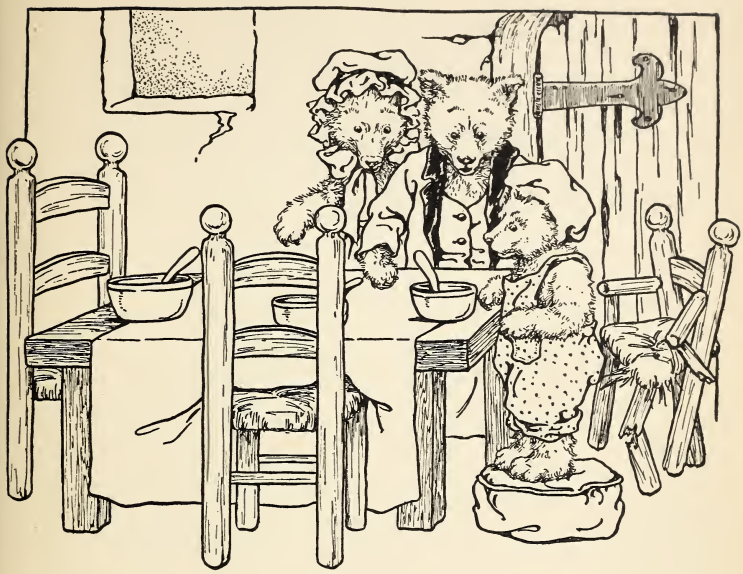
Scrapefoot was very thirsty, so he
looked for something to drink.
He found three bowls of milk.
First he tasted the milk in the big
bowl, but it was too sour.
Then he tasted the milk in
the middle-sized bowl,
but it was too hot.
Then he tasted the milk in the little
bowl, and it was so good that he
drank it all.

Then Scrapefoot went into the bedroom.
First he climbed into the big bed,
but it was too hard for him.
So he jumped down and tried
the middle-sized bed,
but it was too soft for him.

At last he tried the little bed,
and he liked it very much.
He liked it so much
that he fell fast asleep.

III

All this time the family of bears
had been walking in the woods.
When they came home, the father bear
looked at his chair.
He said, "Who's been sitting in
my chair?"
The mother bear said, "Who's been
sitting in my chair?"
The baby bear said, "Who's been
sitting in my chair?
It's all broken. All broken!"



Then they went to get their dinner.
The father bear said, "Who's been drinking my milk?"
The mother bear said, "Who's been drinking my milk?"
The baby bear said, "Who's been drinking my milk?
It's all gone. All gone!"

Then they went into the bedroom.
The father bear said, "Who's been sleeping in my bed?"
The mother bear said, "Who's been sleeping in my bed?"
The baby bear said, "Who's been sleeping in my bed?
Oh, see! Here he is."

IV

So all the three bears said,
"Let's throw him out the window."
Then the father bear took hold of two of Scrapefoot's legs, and the mother bear took hold of two legs.
And the little bear shouted,
"Throw him out the window."
So they threw him out the window.

Poor Scrapefoot fell down to the ground.
"Dear me!" he cried.
"My bones are all broken."

First he shook one leg.
No, that was not broken.
Then he shook another leg.
No, that was not broken.
Then he shook another leg
and another leg.
They were all right.
Then he shook his tail.
No, nothing was broken!

So Scrapefoot ran off as fast as he could go.
He never went near the bear's house again.

THE TREE

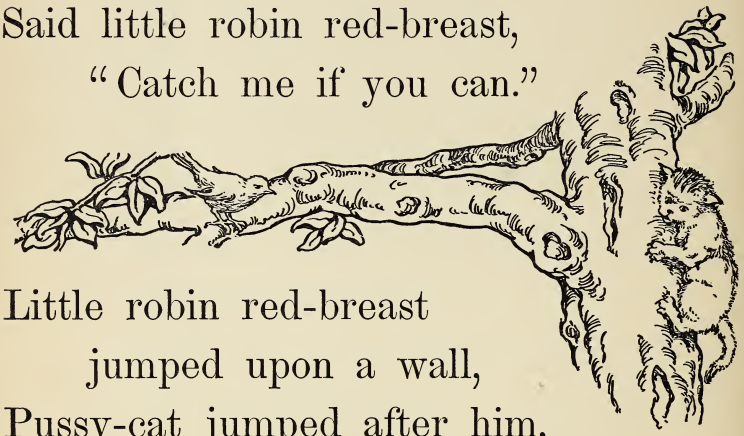
There was a tree stood in the wood,
The prettiest tree you ever did see;
The tree in the wood, and the wood
in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around.

And on this tree there was a bough,
The prettiest bough you ever did see;
The bough on the tree, and the tree
in the wood,
The tree in the wood, and the wood
in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around.

Now on this bough there was a nest,
And in this nest there were some eggs,
The prettiest eggs you ever did see;
Eggs in the nest, and the nest
on the bough,
The bough on the tree, and the tree
in the wood,
The tree in the wood, and the wood
in the ground,
And the green grass growing all around,
And the green grass growing all around.

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN

Little robin red-breast sat upon a tree,
Up went pussy-cat, and down went he;
Down came pussy-cat,
and away robin ran;
Said little robin red-breast,
"Catch me if you can."

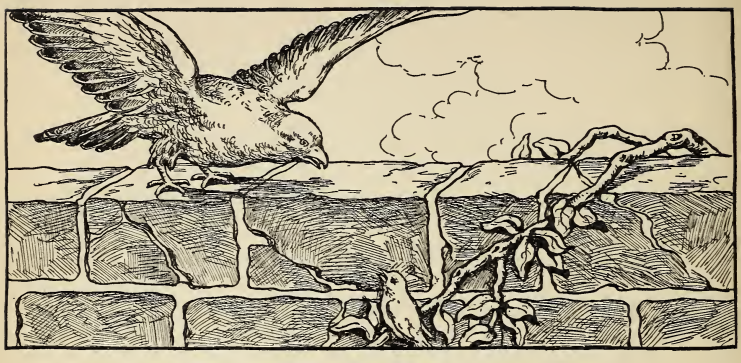


Little robin red-breast
jumped upon a wall,
Pussy-cat jumped after him,
and almost got a fall;
Little robin chirped and sang,
and what did pussy say?
Pussy-cat said "Mew,"
and robin flew away.

THE ROBIN WHO SANG FOR THE KING

There was once a wee robin red-breast.
One morning an old gray pussy saw him hopping along.
"Where are you going, wee robin?" asked pussy.
"I am going to the king, to sing him a song this fine morning," said wee robin.

Pussy said, "Come here, wee robin.
I'll let you see a white ring around my neck."
But wee robin said, "No, no, gray pussy.
You caught the wee mousie, but you shall not catch me."



So wee robin flew away and away till he came to a wall.

There he saw a gray, greedy hawk.

The gray, greedy hawk said, "Where are you going, wee robin?"

"I am going to the king, to sing him a song this fine morning," said wee robin.

Then the gray, greedy hawk said,

"Come here, wee robin.

I'll let you see a feather in my wing."

But wee robin said, "No, no, gray, greedy hawk.
You pecked the wee wren, but you shall not peck me."

So wee robin flew away and away till he came to a rock.
There he saw a sly fox.
The sly fox said, "Where are you going, wee robin?"
"I am going to the king, to sing him a song this fine morning," said wee robin.
The sly fox said, "Come here, wee robin. I'll let you see a spot on my tail."
But wee robin said, "No, no, sly fox. You caught the wee lamb, but you shall not catch me."

So wee robin flew away and away till
he came to the king.
Then he sang a pretty song.
The king said to the queen, "Why! here
is wee robin red-breast."
And the queen said, "Thank you, wee
robin red-breast.
Thank you for your pretty song."

DAME HUBBARD AND HER DOG

Dame Hubbard Dog Butcher Cobbler

Dog: How I should like a good bone!

Dame: I will get you a bone.
Why, my cupboard is bare!
There is nothing here.

Dog: What shall I have to eat?

Dame: I will go to the butcher's.
You shall have something
better than a bone.

Dame Hubbard goes to the butcher's.

Dame: Mr. Butcher, please give me
some tripe.

Butcher: I have some fine tripe. It will
make a good dinner for you.

Dame: Oh no. The tripe is for my dog.

Butcher: Tripe for your dog? Well, well!

Dame Hubbard goes home.

Dame: Where is my poor dear dog?
Ah, there he is!

Dog: Did you buy something for me?
I am ready for my dinner.

Dame: I have some fine tripe for you.

Dog: That is better than a bone.

Dame Hubbard goes to the cobbler's.

Cobbler: Would you like some new
shoes, Dame Hubbard?

Dame: Yes, Mr. Cobbler.

Cobbler: I think these shoes will
be right.

Dame: Oh no! I must have some
shoes for my dog.

Cobbler: Shoes for your dog?
Well, well!

Dame: I must have big black
shoes for my dog.
I will buy some little red
shoes for pussy, too.

Cobbler: I will make them for you
at once.

Dame Hubbard goes home.

Dame: Where is my dear dog now?
I must tell him about his
new shoes.
Ah, there he is!
He is reading.
What a wonderful dog!

Dog: I am reading the news,
Dame Hubbard.

Dame: You can sing, you can dance,
you can read, you can write.
What a wonderful dog!

WORD LIST

This list gives the new words in the First Reader in the order in which they first appear, not including words already used in the Merrill Primer. The Primer words that are repeated in this book are listed on pages 127 and 128.

Pages which contain no new words are indicated by a blank line after the page number. The asterisk (*) indicates the vocabulary of rhymes. The average of new words is a little less than three per page.

*7 school

8 ———

*9 shout
hoop
ball

10 ———

11 ———

*12 strike
make
rolls
faster
greater

13 races

14 skate
roller

15 park

16 squirrels
gray
nuts

17 gave
dug
hole

18 Furry
Fuzzy
dig

*19 hi diddle
fiddle
jumped
moon
laughed
such
sport
dish
spoon

20 dream
party
danced
tried

21 wasn't

*22 woman
many
children
didn't
know
broth
without
any
whipped
soundly

23 ———

24 don't
I'll
send
woke

25 says
sleep
tight
* bright
light
might

*26 nurse's
lap
pins
cap
inside
true

27 shooting
across

28 catch

*29 than
to-night
wish

30 dipper
handle
always

*31 buckle
shut
door
straight
eleven
twelve
delve

32 fire
engine

33 bells
ring
afire
pour
firemen

34 ———

35 railroad
conductor
tickets
engineer

36 train
o'clock
New York
aboard

37 off

*38 postman's
knock
letters
Papa
Lou
Mamma

39 clock
bag
full
mail

40 write
box
office

41 ———

42 ———.

43 something
talk

44 word
sounds
ship
finger
nail

*45 bridge
build
steel

*46 mix
pancake
stir
pop
pan
fry
toss

47 cook
flour

48 Kate
mud
to-day
sand
hot

49 crust
pat
dinner

*50 count
pear
kid
which
care

*51 candy
sword
side
pony
sled

52 sleepy
heads

53 help
seeds
pull
weeds
grow

54 friends
try

*55 rain
umbrellas
sea

56 raindrops
farmer
each

57 needs
cheer

58 second

59 grew
because

60 chicken
king
along
till

61 Hen-pen
eyes
heard
ears
part
Cock-lock

62 Duck-luck

63 Fox-lox
want

64 gold

65 ———

66 leaped
thus
pray
own

67 ———

68 ———

69 ———

70 meal
cut

71 ———

*72 hearty
brother
stout
tall
sister
doll
behold
family
small

73 farm
better

74 monkeys
time
sell

75 row
back
just
threw

76 ———

77 sly
reach
climb

78 given
plant

79 bundle
straw

80 wolf
knew
chinny
chin

81 huff
puff
blew

82 ———

83 third
bricks

84 ———

*85 Dapple
lent
mile
slashed
rode
through
mire
lend
hire

86 crane
glad
soup
flat

87 long
neck
bill
even
nothing

88 ———

89 ———

90 greedy
jar
hand
hold

91 ———

92 puppies
frog
seen

93 puppy
only
world

94 toad
swim
kind
coat

95 mouth
teeth

*96 colors
float
swan
green
grass
flowers
between
orange

97 turnips

98 to-morrow
got

99 pot
angry
near

100 ———

101 throw
chimney

102 ———

*103 Hubbard
cupboard
bone
bare
clean
tripe
smoking
pipe

*104 hatter's
barber's

*105 tailor's
goat
cobbler's
reading
news
wonderful
dame
delight

106 Scrapefoot
softly

107 opened
more
paw

108 hard
soft

109 sour

110 ———

111 ———

112 legs

113 ———

*114 stood
prettiest
bough

*115 nest
eggs

*116 robin
red-breast
almost
chirped
sang
mew

117 song
mousie

118 hawk
feather
wing

119 pecked
wren
rock
lamb

120 ———

121 Mr.

122 ah
these

123 ———

REVIEW WORDS

These words, used in the MERRILL PRIMER, are repeated in the FIRST READER. This list, added to the list of new words on pages 124–126, gives the complete vocabulary of the book.

a	bit	cow	fine	hen
about	black	cried	first	her
after	blow	cry	five	here
again	blue	day	flew	high
all	bowl	dear	fly	higher
am	boys	did	for	hill
an	bread	do	found	him
and	brings	does	four	his
another	broke	dog	fox	home
apple	broken	down	from	hopping
are	brown	drank	fun	horses
around	built	drink	funny	house
as	but	dropped	get	how
ask	butcher	dry	girls	hurrah
asleep	buy	duck	give	I
at	by	early	go	if
ate	call	eat	goes	in
away	came	eight	gone	into
baby	can	ever	good	iron
bake	can't	fair	good-by	is
baker	cat	falling	great	it
be	caught	fast	ground	jig
bears	chairs	fat	had	kitty
bed	clear	father	hair	lady
bedroom	clouds	fed	hat	last
began	cock	feeding	have	lay
best	come	fell	hay	left
big	corn	field	he	let
bird	could	find	hear	like

little
lived
London
looked
lost
loving
man
Mary
may
me
meat
met
middle-sized
milk
mine
morning
mother
mouse
much
must
my
names
never
next
night
nine
no
none
not
now
of
oh
old
on
once
one
or
other
our
out
over
pail
pet
pick
pies
pig
pitcher
play
please
plums
poor
pretty
pussy
put
queen
ran
ready
red
ride
right
run
said
sail
sat
saw
say
see
seven
shall
she
shoes
shook
should
sings
sits
six
sky
smells
so
some
spot
stars
sticks
still
stones
stop
story
sun
supper
tail
take
taste
tell
ten
thank
that
the
their
them
then
there
they
think
thirsty
this
three
to
together
told
Tom
too
took
top
town
trees
two
under
up
upon
us
very
wake
walk
wall
was
water
way
we
wee
well
went
were
what
when
where
white
who
why
wig
will
wind
window
with
wood
would
yes
you
yours

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